TRANSLINGUAL

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TRANSLINGUAL.ORG

Photo by Jenny Melcher

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La Hija De Los Tamales

Se recuerda cuando yo estaba Chiquita y yo pensé que si la televisión se hubiera quebrado, todas las caricaturas saldran y se pondran a bailar conmigo.

Se recuerda que siempre pedía un 'Easel' para la navidad, pero nunca lo recibí porque usted no sabía lo que era.

Se recuerda como a mi no me gustaba cortarme las uñas?

Se recuerda que mis manos estaban muy chiquitas para cubrir las hojas de los tamales con masa?

Yo sí me recuerdo...

Yo recuerdo la simplicidad del mundo.

Yo recuerdo que mis berrinches fueron muchos, pero mis abrazos y besos fueron más valiosos.

Ahora mi mano ha crecido...

Pero nunca olvidaré lo difícil que era el proceso de los tamales cuando mis manos eran chiquitas.

Photo by Caitlin Towers

The Daughter of the Tamales

Do you remember when I was little; and, I thought that
if the television broke,
all the cartoons would come and start dancing with me?

Do you remember that I would always ask for an easel for Christmas, but I never got it because you didn't know what it was?

Do you remember how I didn't like you cutting my nails?

Do you remember how my hands were way too small to fully cover the corn husks with tamale dough?

I remember...

I remember how simple the world seemed to me.

I remember that my tantrums were constant, but my hugs and kisses were of greater value.

But now my world has grown...

However, I will never forget how hard the tamale process was for me when my hands were small.

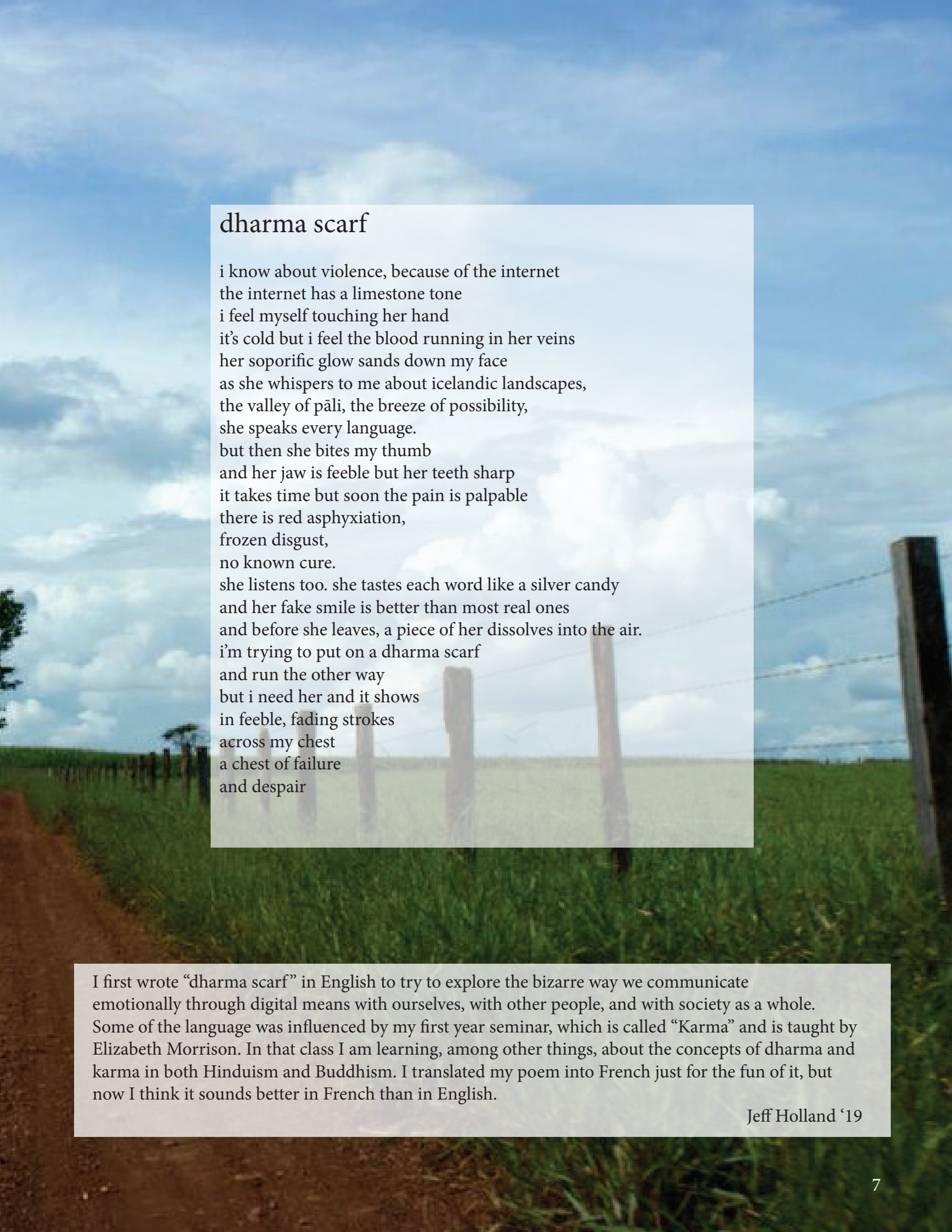
My piece is about my experience growing up in a Mexican household. I wrote this to highlight some of the most memorable moments growing up. Being here at Middlebury, I find myself relating back to my experiences that have made me who I am today.

Zarai Zaragoza, '18

écharpe de dharma

je connais la violence à cause de l'internet
l'internet a un ton calcique
j'ai l'impression de toucher sa main
c'est froide mais je sens le sang qui court dans ses veines
sa lueur somnifère ponce ma figure
pendant qu'elle me chuchote des paysages islandais,
la vallé du pāli, la brise des possibilités,
elle parle toutes les langues.
mais ensuite elle me mord la main
et sa mâchoire est faible mais ses dents tranchantes,
et comme le temps passe la douleur est palpable,
il y a l'asphyxie rouge,
le dégoût gélé,
pas de rémède connu.
elle écoute aussi. elle goûte tous les mots comme un bonbon métallisé,
et son sourire faux est meilleur que le plus des autres
et avant qu'elle ne parte, un élément d'elle se dissout à l'air.
j'essaie de mettre une écharpe de dharma et de m'en aller,
mais j'ai besoin d'elle
et ça se voit
aux touches faibles
qui s'estompent
et traversent ma poitrine,
une poitrine
d'échec
et de désespoir

Photo by Danilo Herrera



dharma scarf

i know about violence, because of the internet
the internet has a limestone tone
i feel myself touching her hand
it's cold but i feel the blood running in her veins
her soporific glow sands down my face
as she whispers to me about icelandic landscapes,
the valley of pāli, the breeze of possibility,
she speaks every language.
but then she bites my thumb
and her jaw is feeble but her teeth sharp
it takes time but soon the pain is palpable
there is red asphyxiation,
frozen disgust,
no known cure.
she listens too. she tastes each word like a silver candy
and her fake smile is better than most real ones
and before she leaves, a piece of her dissolves into the air.
i'm trying to put on a dharma scarf
and run the other way
but i need her and it shows
in feeble, fading strokes
across my chest
a chest of failure
and despair

I first wrote "dharma scarf" in English to try to explore the bizarre way we communicate emotionally through digital means with ourselves, with other people, and with society as a whole. Some of the language was influenced by my first year seminar, which is called "Karma" and is taught by Elizabeth Morrison. In that class I am learning, among other things, about the concepts of dharma and karma in both Hinduism and Buddhism. I translated my poem into French just for the fun of it, but now I think it sounds better in French than in English.

Jeff Holland '19

Is it Easy?

Tell me,

Is it simple to speak?

To communicate with simple yes's and no's

"Oh's" and "K's"

Tell me,

Would it be better,

To do it now?

In the changing of seasons,

Or later,

In the blossoming of the new

Tell me,

Are you happy?

Do other things cross your mind?

Or are you swallowed in the means

Tell me later,

Will it be different?

Will it be as planned?

Will it even happen?

Tell me now,

Is the present being here

With me,

Or being there,

Yet still with me

When it's done and over with,

Will it be easy?

Est-ce qu'il est facile?

Dis-moi,

C'est simple de parler?

De partager des mots avec oui et non,

Eh et alors?

Dis-moi,

Vaudrait-il mieux?

De le faire maintenant,

Pendant le changement des saisons,

Ou plus tard,

Pendant l'éclosion de la nouvelle

Dis-moi,

Est-ce que tu es heureux?

Penses-tu à des autres choses?

Est-ce que tu es avalé dans les moyens?

Dis-moi plus tard,

Sera-ce différent?

Sera-ce comme prévu?

Sera-ce encore possible?

Dis-moi maintenant,

Le présent, c'est être ici?

Avec moi,

Ou d'être là,

Aussi avec moi,

Quand il est fini,

Est-ce qu'il est facile?

Maddy Dickinson, '18

La United Fruit Co.

Translated by Natalie Figueroa

When the trumpet sounded,
everything on the land was created,
and Jehovah distributed the world
to Coca-Cola Inc., Anaconda,
Ford Motors, and other entities:
the United Fruit Company.
They saved the most lucrative for themselves,
the central coast of my land,
the sweet belt of America.
They re-baptized her lands as
"Banana Republics,"
and above sleeping dead
above the restless heroes
who conquered glory,
liberty and flags,
established the comic opera:
drove the free-willed mad,
gifted crowns from César,
unsheathed greed, and attracted
the dictatorship of flies:
Trujillo flies, Tacho flies,
Carías flies, Martínez flies,
Ubico flies, flies soaked
with humble blood and jam,
drunk flies that buzz
around the people's tombs,
circus flies, wise flies
experts in tyranny.
With bloodthirsty flies near
United Fruit Company unloads,
exploiting coffee and fruit,
with ships that glide out to sea
like trays loaded with treasure
from our sunken lands.
Meanwhile so many fallen natives
were buried
in the mist of dusk by the sugared depths
of the harbors:
a rolling corpse, an object
without a name,
a fallen number,
a cluster of dead fruit
scattered on the rotting compost.

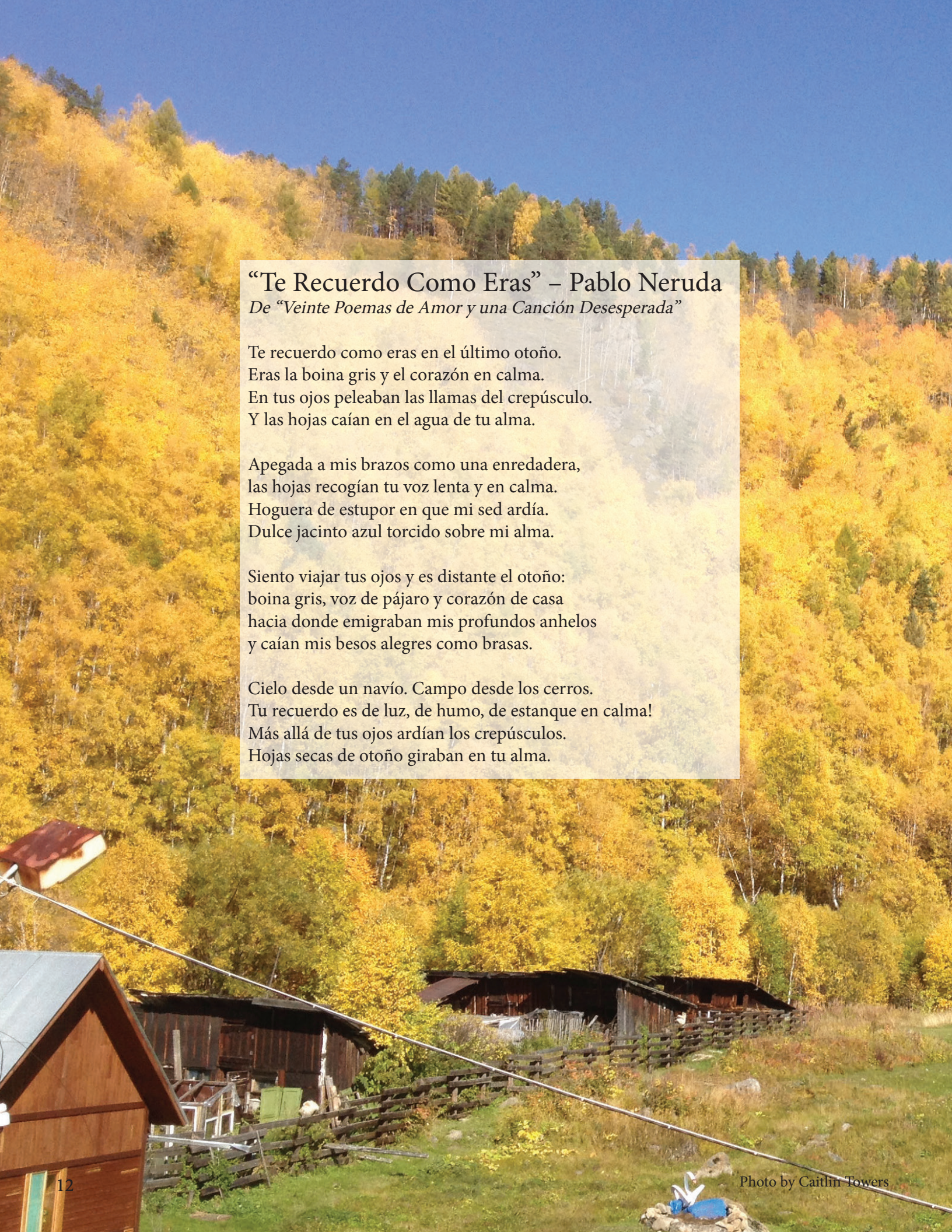
La United Fruit Co. por Pablo Neruda

Cuando sonó la trompeta, estuvo
todo preparado en la tierra,
y Jehova repartió el mundo a Coca-Cola Inc., Anaconda,
Ford Motors, y otras entidades:
la Compañía Frutera Inc.
se reservó lo más jugoso,
a costa central de mi tierra,
la dulce cintura de América.
Bautizó de nuevo sus tierras
como "Repúblicas Bananas,"
y sobre los muertos dormidos,
sobre los héroes inquietos
que conquistaron la grandeza,
la libertad y las banderas,
estableció la ópera bufa:
enajenó los albedríos
regaló coronas de César,
desenvainó la envidia, atrajo
la dictadora de las moscas,
moscas Trujillos, moscas Tachos,
moscas Carías, moscas Martínez,
moscas Ubico, moscas húmedas
de sangre humilde y mermelada,
moscas borrachas que zumban
sobre las tumbas populares,
moscas de circo, sabias moscas
entendidas en tiranía.
Entre las moscas sanguinarias
la Frutera desembarca,
arrasando el café y las frutas,
en sus barcos que deslizaron
como bandejas el tesoro
de nuestras tierras sumergidas.
Mientras tanto, por los abismos
azucarados de los puertos,
caían indios sepultados
en el vapor de la mañana:
un cuerpo rueda, una cosa
sin nombre, un número caído,
un racimo de fruta muerta
derramada en el pudridero.

Photo by Caitlin Towers

This piece was my final project for the inaugural Bread Loaf Translators' Conference this past summer. I chose Pablo Neruda's poem because the effects of the United Fruit Co. played a large role in my parent's decision to immigrate to the United States. They were granted political asylum due to the aggressive Guatemalan civil war initiated by the American coup and takeover of the country's land by the United Fruit, Co. Neruda's poem captures the essence of what many Latin American countries endured at the hands of American globalization.

Natalie Figueroa



“Te Recuerdo Como Eras” – Pablo Neruda

De “Veinte Poemas de Amor y una Canción Desesperada”

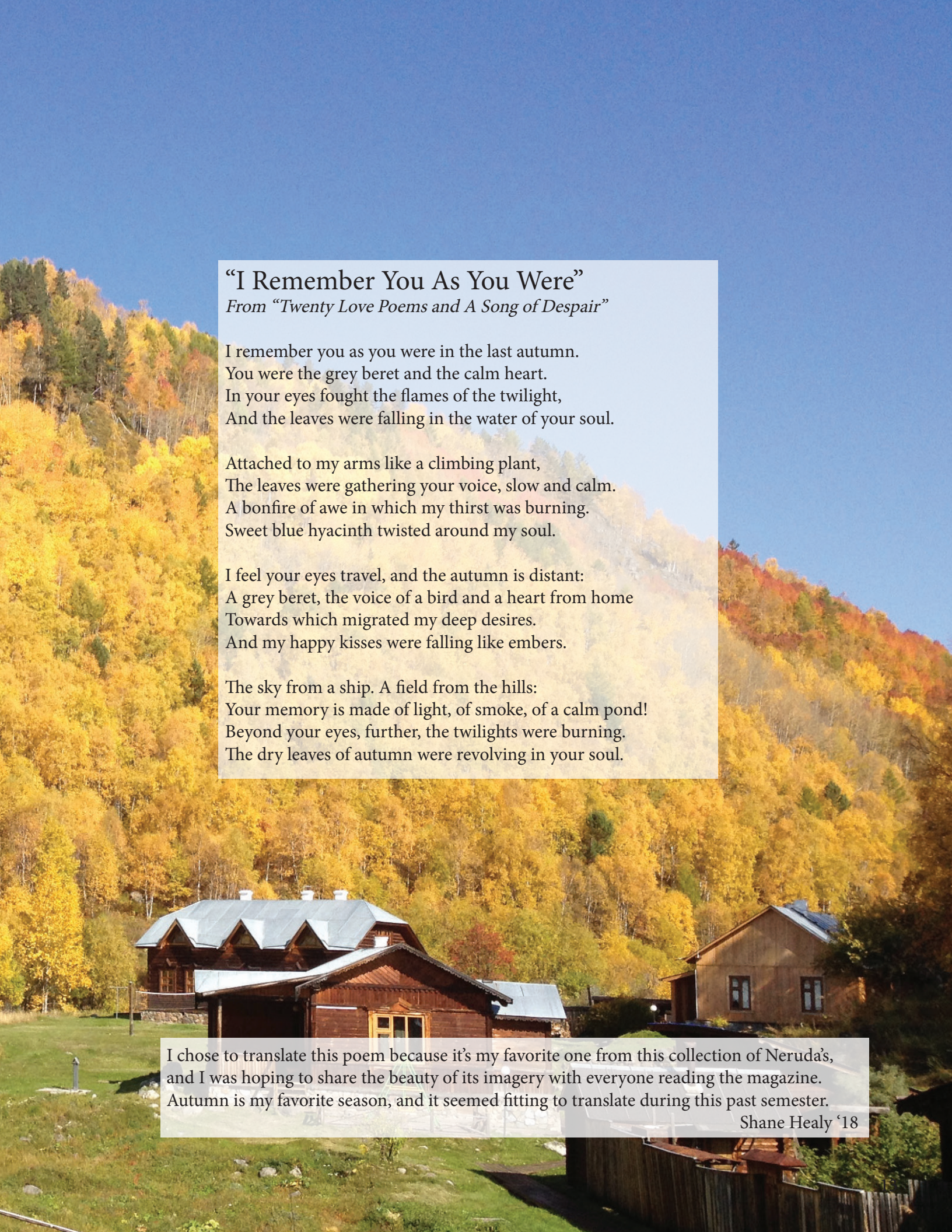
Te recuerdo como eras en el último otoño.
Eras la boina gris y el corazón en calma.
En tus ojos peleaban las llamas del crepúsculo.
Y las hojas caían en el agua de tu alma.

Apegada a mis brazos como una enredadera,
las hojas recogían tu voz lenta y en calma.
Hoguera de estupor en que mi sed ardía.
Dulce jacinto azul torcido sobre mi alma.

Siento viajar tus ojos y es distante el otoño:
boina gris, voz de pájaro y corazón de casa
hacia donde emigraban mis profundos anhelos
y caían mis besos alegres como brasas.

Cielo desde un navío. Campo desde los cerros.
Tu recuerdo es de luz, de humo, de estanque en calma!
Más allá de tus ojos ardían los crepúsculos.
Hojas secas de otoño giraban en tu alma.

Photo by Caitlin Towers



"I Remember You As You Were"

From "Twenty Love Poems and A Song of Despair"

I remember you as you were in the last autumn.
You were the grey beret and the calm heart.
In your eyes fought the flames of the twilight,
And the leaves were falling in the water of your soul.

Attached to my arms like a climbing plant,
The leaves were gathering your voice, slow and calm.
A bonfire of awe in which my thirst was burning.
Sweet blue hyacinth twisted around my soul.

I feel your eyes travel, and the autumn is distant:
A grey beret, the voice of a bird and a heart from home
Towards which migrated my deep desires.
And my happy kisses were falling like embers.

The sky from a ship. A field from the hills:
Your memory is made of light, of smoke, of a calm pond!
Beyond your eyes, further, the twilights were burning.
The dry leaves of autumn were revolving in your soul.

I chose to translate this poem because it's my favorite one from this collection of Neruda's, and I was hoping to share the beauty of its imagery with everyone reading the magazine. Autumn is my favorite season, and it seemed fitting to translate during this past semester.

Shane Healy '18

授けられた情熱

「おはよう、麻耶ちゃん！朝一番に何を描いているの？」私のおばあちゃんが居間に入って来て聞きました。今、桑名、日本の朝5時です。もう太陽が出ていて、蒸し暑い7月の半ばです。
時差ぼけはまだ治ってないけれど、ほかの家族7人がまだ起きてこない、平和な時間です。

「今日、コラージュ作りたいな。雑誌の切り抜きある？」とおばあちゃんに聞きました。
もちろんありました。アートのこととなると、おばあちゃんは何でもできるし、材料だって何でも持っているのです。彼女はいつも、何かしら作品を作っていました。何日も何日もおばあちゃんと一緒に絵を描いたり、絵の具で塗ったり、粘土で作ったり、コラージュを作ったりして過ごしました。あっという間に日本での夏が過ぎてしまい、帰らなくてはならないことに気づくと、またすぐにでも日本にもどりたくなるのでした。アメリカに帰ってからも、私はアートワークを続けました。
そして、また夏になり、日本へ行く時には、作品を持っておばあちゃんに見せました。
その度に、おばあちゃんは、私が腕を上げたことを喜んでくれました。

私が12歳の時に、おばあちゃんの体の具合が悪くなり始めました。
もうすぐお別れをしなくてはならないことが分かりました。
本当にそうなった時に、私は一体どうしたらいいのか分かりませんでした。
おばあちゃんは、私にとって究極のお手本であり、私のインスピレーションの元でした。
おばあちゃんは、作品を作り上げるだけではなく、人に与え、常に情熱を持った人でした。彼女が、私にアートへの情熱を与えてくれた人でした。彼女なしでは、私の情熱も消えてしまうのではないかと思うほどでした。

幸いにも、そうはなりませんでした。
私が絵を描いたり、作品を作り上げたり、落書きを書いたりするたびに、
ふと、おばあちゃんはどう思ってくれるだろうかと、考えたりします。
私は、おばあちゃんといっしょに作品を作り始めて以来、どんどん描き続け、数え切れないほどの作品を作り、どんどん進歩しています。
そして、これらの作品を彼女は決して見ることはないのだと思うと、悲しくなるのだけれど、
きっと、彼女は誇りに思ってくれるにちがいないと、分かっています。

Photo by Maya Reich

Passion Bestowed

Good morning, Maya! What are you drawing at this hour of the morning?" my grandmother would ask when she entered the living room, seeing me start my first artwork of the day. It was 5 in the morning in Kuwana, Japan, and the sun was already starting to rise in the mid-July heat. My jetlag had not fixed itself yet, but I enjoyed the tranquil mornings in this small room, uninterrupted by the 7 other people still asleep in the house.

"I want to make a collage today. Do you have any magazine scraps?" I asked my grandmother. Of course she did. When it came to art, my grandmother had done everything, had everything, and was always striving to create more. Days and days passed during my summers in Japan, filled with time spent drawing, painting, sculpting and collaging with my grandmother. The days passed too quickly however, and I often found myself having to leave Japan to go home much too quickly, longing to be back again. While I was in the U.S., I would continue my artwork. Every summer, I brought drawings that I had done that year to Japan with me to show my grandmother. She would always be ecstatic to see my improvements every time I visited.

When I was 12, my grandmother's health began to deteriorate. I knew that it was soon time to say goodbye, but at the time, I couldn't imagine what I would possibly do when that happened. She had been my ultimate role model, and my source of inspiration not only for creating art, but also for being a giving and compassionate person. She had begun my passion for art, yet I was afraid that without her, my passion would come to an end.

Fortunately, it did not. From time to time, when I draw, paint, build or doodle, I wonder what she would think of my work. As I sift through the drawings from my childhood, I see that I have progressed an immeasurable amount since I last created art with her. Although it saddens me that she will never see these works, I know she would be so proud.

I am half Japanese, and I identify strongly with my American and Japanese background. While I've lived in the U.S. my entire life, I visit my relatives in Japan every other summer and I learned Japanese as a child by speaking to my Japanese mom and relatives. "Passion Bestowed" is about my grandmother's influence on my passion for art while I spent summers in Japan.

Maya Reich '19

Anna Akhmatova is a Ukrainian poet from the first half of the 20th Century. She was the founder of Acmeism, a movement which praised the virtues of lucid and carefully-crafted verse, as opposed to the vagueness of the Symbolist style which dominated the Russian literary scene of the period. The poem "He loved…" could be taken to refer either to Akhmatova's first husband Nikolai Gumilev, who was executed in 1921 by the Bolsheviks, or to her second husband Nikolai Punin, who died in a Siberian labor camp in 1953.

Many of her poems are reactions to the horrors of the communist terror, which created government opposition to her work throughout her lifetime. However, she was deeply loved and cherished by the Russian people, partly because, differently from so many authors, she did not leave her country when faced with political oppression.

Bernardo Portilho Andrade, '18

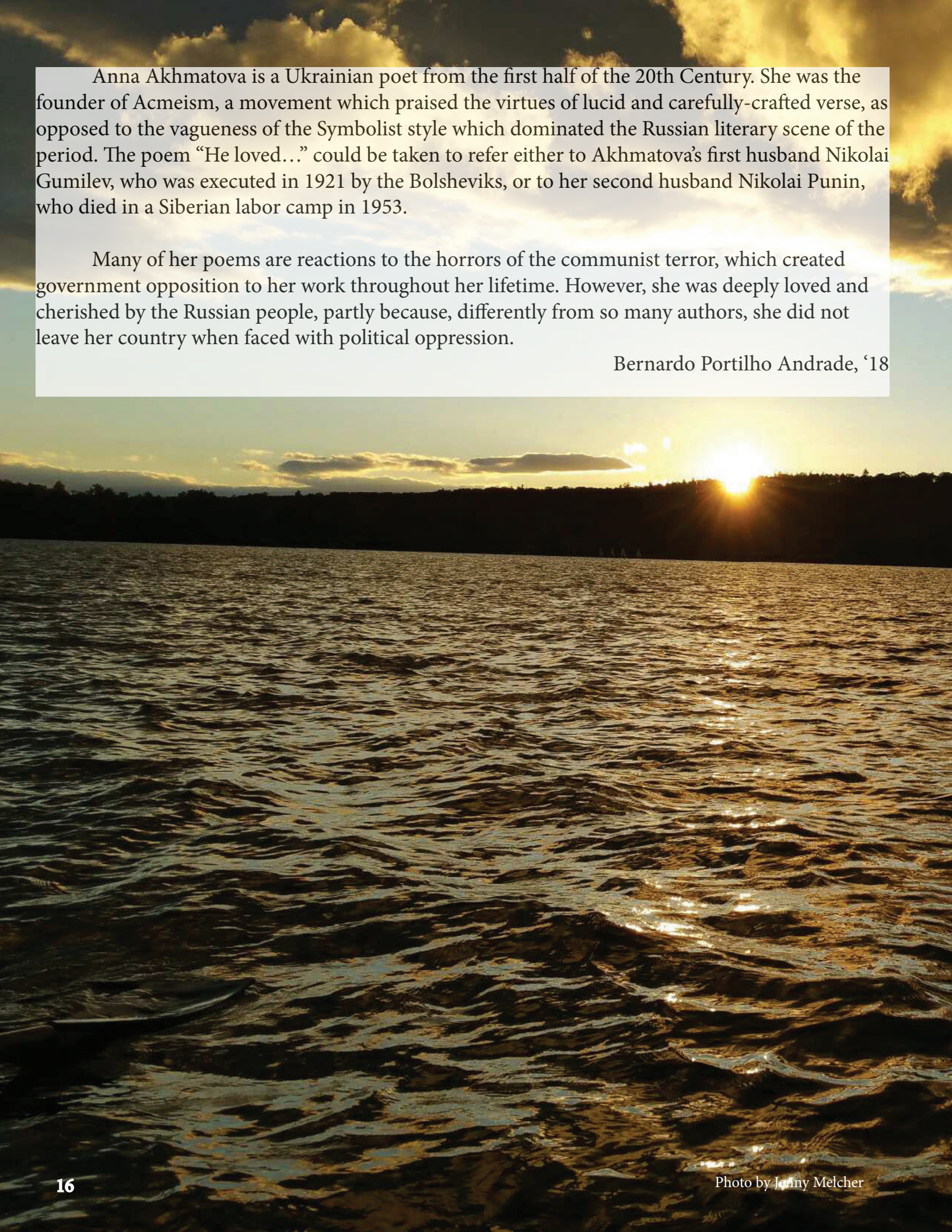
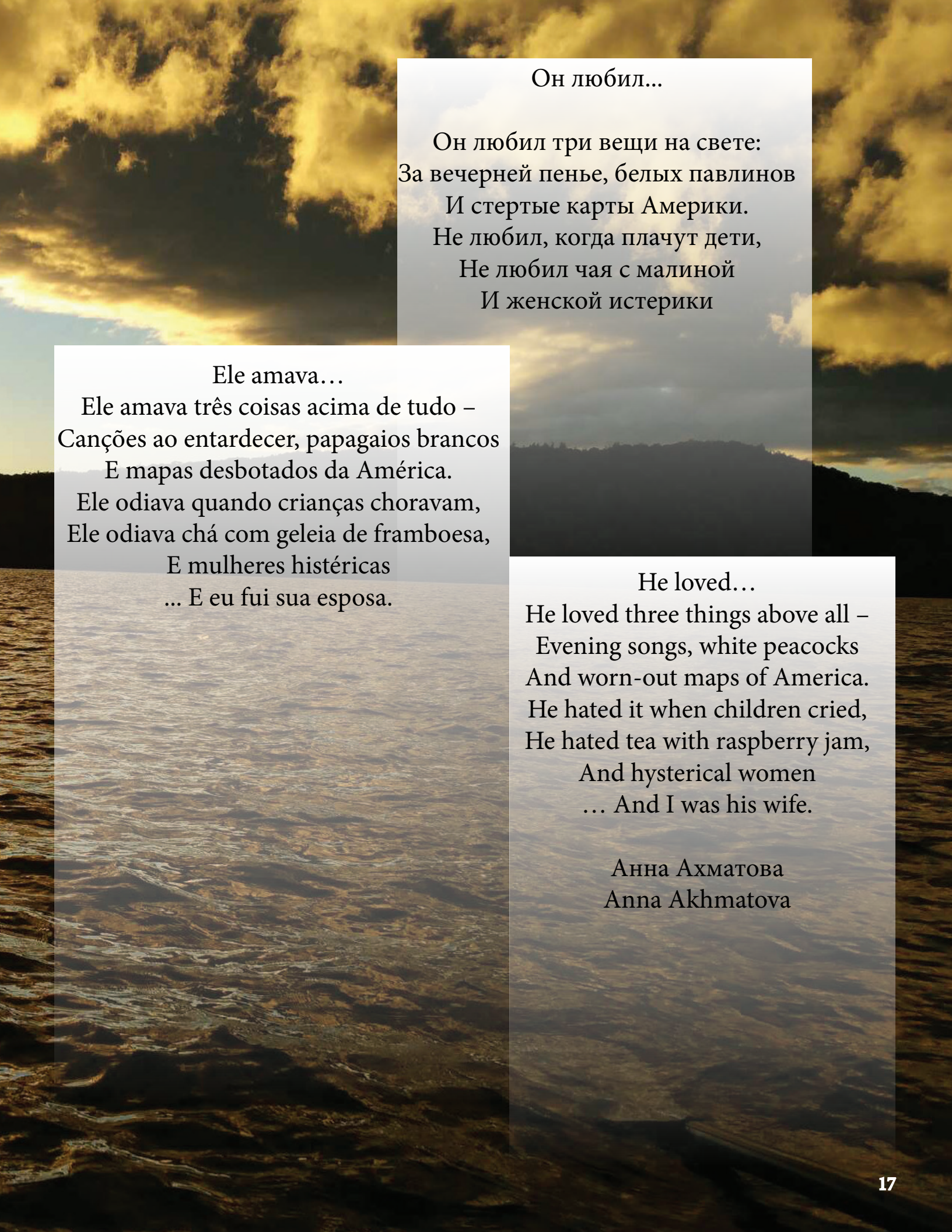


Photo by Jenny Melcher



Он любил...

Он любил три вещи на свете:
За вечерней пенье, белых павлинов
И стертые карты Америки.
Не любил, когда плачут дети,
Не любил чая с малиной
И женской истерики

Ele amava…
Ele amava três coisas acima de tudo –
Canções ao entardecer, papagaios brancos
E mapas desbotados da América.
Ele odiava quando crianças choravam,
Ele odiava chá com geleia de framboesa,
E mulheres histéricas
... E eu fui sua esposa.

He loved…
He loved three things above all –
Evening songs, white peacocks
And worn-out maps of America.
He hated it when children cried,
He hated tea with raspberry jam,
And hysterical women
… And I was his wife.

Анна Ахматова
Anna Akhmatova

Poem by the 6th Dalai Lama, Tsangyang Gyatso

"White crane!
Lend me your wings,
I will not fly far
Only to Lithang, and then I will return"

Written as the Dalai Lama was being taken away from his home. According to Tibetan Buddhist tradition of reincarnation – his successor, the 7th Dalai Lama, was found in Lithang.

Translated by Maya Woser, '18

ཕྱ་དེ་ཕྱིང་ཕྱིང་དཀར་པོ།།
ང་ལ་གཤོག་རྒལ་གཡར་དང་།།
ཐག་རིང་རྒྱང་ནས་མི་འགྲོ།།
ལི་ཐང་བསྐོར་ནས་སྤྱིའས་ཡོང་།།

Photo by Caitlin Towers

AMARE TE

Immergersi nel
tramonto dolceamaro,
perdersi nel tuo
sguardo magnetico,
grigio celeste blucobalto
e sentire nel
mio corpo
l'eco della tua
mano, che
una prima volta
ha preso
la mia.

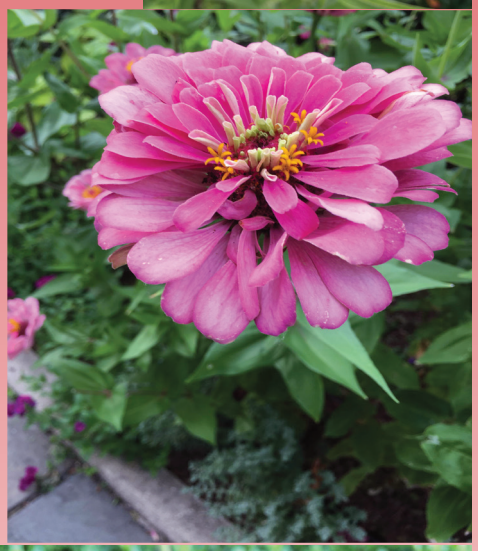
LOVING YOU

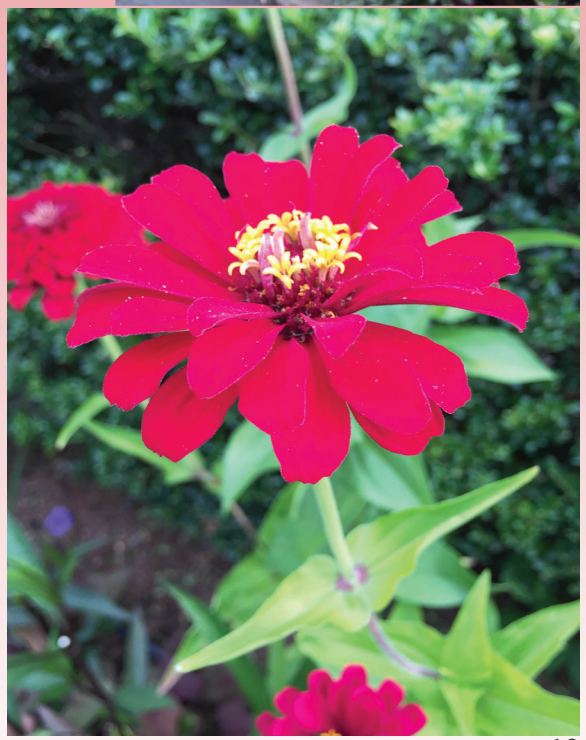
Plunge into the
bittersweet sunset,
lose myself in your
magnetic gaze,
grey turquoise cobalt
and feel in
my body
the echo of your
hand, which
a first time
took
mine.

Giulia Negretto

I wrote this to my boyfriend for our first anniversary. I am not a poet, this may be the first "poem" I write. My love for him is all I have tried to express in a few lines.

Giulia Negretto





Photos by Maya Reich

I came across a commentary on this poem by Joanna Macy, an environmental activist and scholar of Buddhism. She identified with the spiritual struggle that this poem seems to recall. In studying religion at Middlebury and reading the scholarship of many theologians who struggle with the traditional teachings of the Catholic Church, I too felt that I could understand Rilke's perseverance and insatiable spiritual appetite. In reading the poem in the original German, I felt a stronger connection with Rilke; in translating it, I identified with Joanna Macy, who published a popular translation of this poem. In reading the original and comparing it with her translation and with mine, I was reminded of the importance of perspective in poetry, language, and translation. A quote from one of my other favorite poets, Stanley Kunitz, came to mind: "I think there are forms of communication beyond language, that have to do not only with the body, but with the spirit itself, and they're so internal, there's no way you can define them. It's a permeation of one's being. The temptation is to try to fit language around it."

Emma McDonald, '16

Ich lebe mein Leben in wachsenden Ringen	**I live my life in ever-widening circles**
Ich lebe mein Leben in wachsenden Ringen,	I live my life in ever-widening circles
die sich über die Dinge ziehn.	That trace themselves over all things.
Ich werde den letzten vielleicht nicht vollbringen,	Perhaps I will not complete the last of these things
aber versuchen will ich ihn.	But I want to try.
Ich kreise um Gott, um den uralten Turm,	I circle around God, around the most ancient tower,
und ich kreise jahrtausendelang;	And I circle for a thousand years;
und ich weiß noch nicht: bin ich ein Falke, ein Sturm	And I know not yet: am I a falcon, a storm
oder ein großer Gesang.	Or a great song?
- Rainer Maria Rilke	

Photo by Sarah Howard

Vazha Pshavela (pen name of a Georgian poet and writer Luka Razikashvili) is one of the most well-known authors in Georgia. Living all his life in the magnificent mountainous region of Pshavi in Georgia, Vazha based a lot of his work on nature and its finest detail, providing the readers with a glimpse into the world that at the time might have seemed distant. He gave voice to the most delicate creatures, such as violets, projecting immense simplicity and at the same time emotional grandeur of the nature on the readers. In the piece presented below, Vazha gives voice to the Georgian mountains, the tallest mountains in Europe, whose child he considered himself to be.

Tamri Matiashvili, '18

Photo by Yingxue Yu

Tall Mountains

They stood and waited. The patience of the mountains is infinite; an eternal sea sits inside their hearts. It flows in red, in blood-color in their chests. However, on the outside nothing but hostility is legible. But this is yet another sign of waiting. Who knows what is happening in the hearts of the mountains, what fire is ablaze?

Mountains! What or who are you waiting for? Do you have a beloved soul that you have not seen in a long time? Maybe you've lost your child? Maybe your brother or your mother has left on a long journey and you have not yet heard from them? There is no answer to be heard. They stand without moving a joint. They were, they are and they will be waiting. What will vaporize the sea of waiting in their heart? It does not have an end, just like a deity doesn't.

When all living creatures, insects, grass, flowers and rivers, and the restless, impatient breeze, go to sleep, then, only then do they sigh and shed a tear. We, humans, then
say: "oh, the sadness lies on my heart as a heavy boulder".

Why don't you sing, mountains?! Should I die without having heard your voice, your song?! Why don't you laugh? At least show me your smile, friends! How did one thought enslave, capture, afflict you in such a way, that any other force and sign of life has been suppressed in your minds and hearts?! No, no. Sometimes you are happy, too, but the country thinks that you don't feel anything. But I know that a candle lights up in your heart every time when an idle eagle starts hovering around your head, and lands on your lap for rest. You are so beautiful then! How well it suits you to see that the child you raised is so brave, fierce and beautiful. And he is also your messenger. He tells God of all of your stories.

Don't you have a thought? An idea? A feeling? Don't you dream? Of course you do! If not, then what are those splendid flowers that adorn your chest? That is your dream, hope, solace. Why do you cover your heads with frequent mists, if you don't covertly think and then hide that thought from us – your human children?! Why do you bring grass? Why do you have the cold springs flow? Why do you shake avalanches? Why do you raise oxen and aurochs? Who are you lying to, my friends?!

They stand and wait. The rain drops on their heads, thunder and lightning burn their golden hair, play with their eyes and often strike through their hearts like an arrow. That's nothing. Often half a mountain breaks off and slides down into the ravine. That's nothing, if the rock and boulders are still waiting. Go, if you don't want to be up above with us, close to the sky, rest at the bottom.

It snows; it freezes. It's cold. A rock breaks. The mountains are wearing a shroud, as if they were dead. "Bury and mourn us" – they call us. But we expect them to bury us!

They stand and wait. Their heart aches, aches a lot. But they don't die, they don't get ill. They are waiting; for whom? For what? For something. Yes, for something. Something they have never seen. They have seen everything their eye could reach. Their eye and heart are yearning for something else. Isn't this greed on their part? Yes, it is exactly greed.
1895

Vazha Pshavela Translated by Tamri Matiashvili

Photo by Yingxue Yu

მთანი მაღალნი

იდგნენ და ელოდენ. უსაზღვროა მთების მოლოდინი, უსაზღვრო ზღვადა სდგას იმათ გულში. წითლად, სისხლისფრად შედედებული უთიმთიმებთ გულ-მკერდში. გარეთ, სახეზე-კი არაფერი ეტყობათ, გარდა მტერობისა. ეს არის კიდეც ნიშანი მოლოდინისა. ვინ რა იცის, რა ამბავია მთების გულში, რა ცეცხლი სდუღს და გადმოდის.

მთებო, მთებო! რას ელით, ვის ელით? ნუთუ გყავთ სატრფო დიდი ხნის უნახავი? იქნება შვილი დაჰკარგეთ? იქნება ძმა, ან დედა გყავთ შორს წასული და არაფერი ამბავი მოგსვლიათ? პასუხი არ ისმის. სდგანან წარბშეუხრელად. ელოდენ, ელიან და კვლავ ექნებათ მოლოდინი. რა დააშრობს იმათ გულში იმ მოლოდინის ზღვას? არა აქვს იმას ბოლო, არც დასასრული, როგორც ღვთაებას…

როცა ყველა სულდგმულს, მწერს, ბალახს, ყვავილებს, მდინარეს და მოუსვენარს, დაუღალავს ნიავს დაეძინებათ, მაშინ, მხოლოდ მაშინ ამოიოხრებენ და ცრემლსა ღვრიან. ჩვენ, კაცნი, მაშინ ვამბობთ: ახ, რა მძიმე ლოდივით ნაღველი მაწევს გულზეო.

რატომ არ მღერით, მთებო?! განა ისე უნდა მოვკვდე, რომ თქვენი ხმა, თქვენი სიმღერა ვერ გავიგონო! რატომ არ იცინით? ღიმილი მაინც მიჩვენეთ თქვენი, კარგებო! მაგრე როგორ დაგიმონათ, შეგიპყრათ, დაგიმორჩილათ ერთმა ფიქრმა, რომ სხვა ყოველივე ძალა და ნიშანი სიცოცხლისა დათრგუნვილა თქვენს გულ-გონებაში?! არა, არა. ხანდახან თქვენც გიხარიანთ, და ქვეყანას-კი ჰგონია, ვითომ თქვენ არაფერს ჰგრძნობთ. ხომ ვიცი თქვენს გულში სანთლები დაენთება, როცა ლაღი არწივი დაგთამაშებთ თავზე და დასასვენებლად თქვენს კალთაზედ ჩამოეშვება. რა ლამაზები ხართ მაშინ! როგორ გიხდებათ, რომ ის თქვენი აღზრდილი შვილი ისე მამაცი, შეუპოვარი და ლამაზია. ის ხომ შიკრიკიცაა თქვენი. ღმერთს უამბობს, ატყობინებს თქვენს ამბავს…

არა გაქვთ აზრი? იდეა? გრძნობა? არ ოცნებობთ? როგორ არა! მაშ რაა ის მშვენიერი ყვავილები, თქვენ რომ გულ-მკერდს გიმშვენებთ? ეგაა თქვენი ოცნება, იმედი, ნუგეში. რად იბურავთ თავს ხშირის ნისლებით, თუ ჩუმ-ჩუმად რასმე არა ჰფიქრობთ და მაგ ფიქრს არ გვიმალავთ ადამიანის შვილებს?! რად მოგყავთ ბალახი? რად ადენთ ცივთა წყაროთა? რად აქანებთ ზვავებს? რათა ზრდით ლაღთა ხარ-ჯიხვთა? ვის ატყუებთ, თქვე კარგებო!

სდგანან და ელიან. წვიმა წვიმს იმათ თავზედ, ელვა უტუსავს ოქროს ქოჩორს, მეხი ეთამაშება იმათ თვალებს და ხშირადაც ერჭობა ისარივით გულ-მკერდში. არაფერია. ინგრევა ხშირად ნახევარი მთა და ზვავად მიდის ხევში. არაფერი ეგრევ, თუ კლდე და ლოდები მაინც ელიან. წადით, ვისაც არ გინდათ ჩვენთან მაღლა, ცის ახლოს ყოფნა, დაბლა განისვენეთ.

სდებს თოვლს. ჰყინავს. ცივა. ქვა ტყვრება. მთებს სუდარი ჩაუცვამთ ტანზე, თითქოს მკვდრები იყვნენ. დაგვმარხეთ, დაგვიტირეთო, – გვეძახიან. ჩვენ-კი იმათგან მოველით დამარხვას…
სდგანან და ელიან. გული სტკივათ, ძალიან სტკივათ. მაგრამ არ იხოცებიან, არც ჭლექდებიან. ელიან, ვის? ან რას? რაღაცას. დიაღ, რაღაცას. ეს რაღაცაა უნახავის დანახვა. ჰნახეს და გაათავეს, რასაც იმათი თვალი და გული მისწვდებოდა. სხვა ახალი მოსწყურებია იმათ თვალსა და გულსა. ეს ხომ თვალ-გულის გაუმაძღრობაა? სწორედ რომ ისაა.

1895 წელი

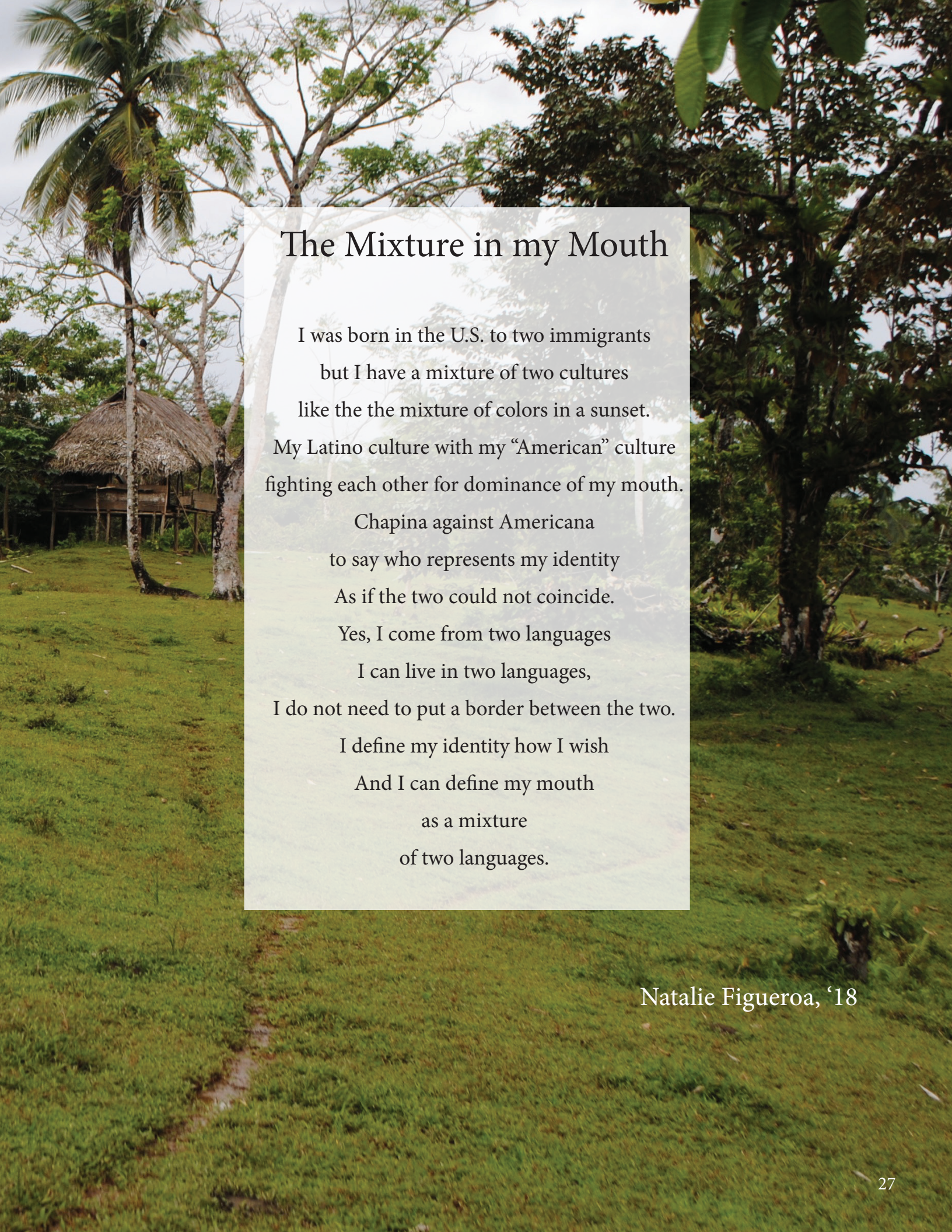
ვაჟა ფშაველა

Photo by Eliza Jaeger

A Mescla na Minha Boca

Nasci de dois imigrantes nos Estados Unidos,
mas tenho uma mistura das duas culturas
como a mistura das cores do pôr-do-sol.
A cultura da América Latina com a cultura dos Estados Unidos
lutando pelo domínio da minha boca.
É uma Chapina contra uma Americana
brigando para dizer qual é minha identidade,
como se as duas não pudessem existir juntas.
Sim, se eu venho das duas línguas;
eu posso viver nas duas línguas;
não tenho que pôr uma barreira entre as duas.
Posso definir a minha identidade como quero.
Posso definir minha boca
como uma mescla
de duas línguas.

Photo by Eliza Jaeger



The Mixture in my Mouth

I was born in the U.S. to two immigrants
but I have a mixture of two cultures
like the the mixture of colors in a sunset.
My Latino culture with my "American" culture
fighting each other for dominance of my mouth.
Chapina against Americana
to say who represents my identity
As if the two could not coincide.
Yes, I come from two languages
I can live in two languages,
I do not need to put a border between the two.
I define my identity how I wish
And I can define my mouth
as a mixture
of two languages.

Natalie Figueroa, '18

Homai te pake pake

Roimata teia no te inangaro, i aue!

Roimata e topa nei

Roimata teia no te inangaro, i aue!

Roimata e seke nei Roimata teia no te inangaro

Kia kite ra koe i teia nei Kīhai i hanga

Homai te pake pake.

Ingarahi e kore e whakamāoritanga taku reo

Engari te ra puhake ake

Korero te rā mo te hunga e kore

Te rā whākorekore a kōmaru

Homai te pake pake.

Roimata e noho

Kia kaha

Kia toa Kia manawanui

He aha e korero koutou.

Kino kē koe!

Photo by Danilo Herrera

Applaud thee

Teardrops falling

These yearning teardrops,

Teardrops falling, my god!

These yearning teardrops.

You find out soon enough It was no ordinary thing.

Applaud thee

English does not explain what I mean

But the sun rises up

The sun speaks for those who cannot

The sun keeps the clouds at bay

Applaud thee

Those tears will stay Be bold

Be strong

Be stead, fast, and sure

In what you say. You are amazing!

The English translation of this poem really doesn't do it justice. But, the true meaning is embedded in the mention of the sun. In the Maori culture, the sun represents all that our ancestors have done for us, and the light that shines above to take care of those on Earth. The Sun, and through extension our ancestors, can explain more than we can ever try to explain with our words. So, this poem talks about your inability to know what is happening, even in your own mind, but to have faith in what the Sun knows. Just be sure of yourself, as all of your ancestors are.

Christina Brook, '18

「いま、会いにゆきます。」市川拓司

第一章

「1」

澪が死んだとき、ぼくはこんなふうに考えていた。
ぼくらの星をつくった誰かは、そのとき宇宙のどこかにもうひとつの星をつくっていたんじゃないだろうか、って。
そこは死んだ人間が行く星なんだ。
星の名前はアーカイブ星。

「アーカブイ？」
佑司が訊いた。
違うよ、アーカイブ星。
「アーカブイ？」
アーカイブ。
「アーカ」と言って、佑司は少し考えてから「ブイ？」と言った。
もういいよ。

そこは巨大な図書館のような場所で、すごく静かで、清潔で、整然としている。
とにかく広いところで、建物とつらぬく廊下は、その果てが見えないほどだ。
ここで、ぼくらの星を去った人々は穏やかに暮らしている。
この星は、言ってみれば、ぼくらの心の中のようなものだ。

「どういうこと？」
佑司が訊いた。
ねえ、澪が死んだとき、親戚の人たちがみんな言ってただろ？ママは佑司の心の中にいるんだよって。
「うん」
だから、この星は世界中の人間の心の中にいる人たちが集まって暮らしている場所なんだよ。
誰かが誰かを思っている限り、その人はこの星で暮らしていける。
「誰かが、その人のことを忘れちゃったら？」
うん、そうしたらその人はこの星を去らなくてはいけないんだ。
今度は本当に「さようなら」だ。

最後の夜は、友達みんなが集まってさよならパーティーするんだ。
「ケーキも食べる？」
そうだね、ケーキも食べるよ。
「イクラも食べる？」
うん、イクラもあるよ。（佑司はイクラが好物なのだ）
「それからー」
なんでもあるよ。心配しなくていいから。

「ねえ、その星にジム・ボタンもいるの？」
なんで？
「だって、ぼくはジム・ボタンを知っている。それって、「心の中にいる」ってことでしょ？」
ううううん　（昨晩、「ジム・ボタンの機関車大旅行」を読んで聞かせたのだ）、いると思うよ、多分。
「じゃあ、エマは？エマもいる？」
エマはいない。
いるのは人間だけだよ。
「ふーん」と佑司は言った。

ジム・ボタンもいるし、モモもいる。
赤ずきんちゃんもいるし、もちろんアンネ・フランクもいるし、きっとヒトラーとルドルフ・ヘスもいる。
アリストテレスもいるし、ニュートンもいる。

「みんなで何をしているの？」
何って、みんな静かに暮らしているんだよ。
「それだけ？」
それだけって、そうだなあ、みんなで何かを考えているんじゃないかな？
「考える？何を？」
すごく難しいこととか。時間がかかるんだよ、答えが出るまで。だから、あっちの星へ行っても、ずっと考えているんだよ。
「ママも？」
いや、ママは佑司のことを考えている。
「そうなの？」
そうだよ。
だから佑司も、ずっとママのことを忘れずにいるんだよ。
「忘れないよ」
でも、おまえは小さい。ママとはほんの５年しか一緒に暮らさなかったからね。
「うん」
だから、いろいろ話してあげるよ。
ママはどんな女の子だったか。
どんなふうにパパと出会って、結婚したのか。
そして佑司が生まれて、どんなに嬉しそうにしていたか。
「うん」
そして、ずっと憶えていてほしいんだ。
パパがあっちの星に行ったときママに会うためには、どうしてもおまえがママのことを憶えていてくれないといけないんだ。

わかるか？
「うん？」
まあ、いいんだけどね。
第一章　終わり

Photo by Maya Reich

“I’m Coming to See You Now” by Takuji Ichikawa
Chapter One
Translated from Japanese by Shane Healy

When Nao died, I thought about it like this.
That maybe whoever created our planet had, at that time, created another planet somewhere in the universe.
A planet where dead people go.
That planet’s name is the Archive Star.
“Arkaibe?” Yuuji asked.
That’s not it, it’s the Archive Star.
“Arkaibe?” Archive.
“Arch…” Yuuji said, and after thinking a little while, said “…aibe?”
Whatever, it’s fine.

In that place, there is an enormous room resembling a library, and it is very quiet, clean, and orderly.
Somehow or other, in that vast place, the corridors that pierce the buildings were such that one could not see where they ended.
Here, the people who left our planet are living their lives in peace.
This planet is, in a way, inside of our hearts.

“What do you mean?” Yuuji asked.
Hey, when Nao died, weren’t all of our relatives saying so? That Mama was in Yuuji’s heart.
“Uh-huh.”
So, this planet is a place where those that are in the hearts of people around the world gather and live.
As long as somebody is thinking about them, those people can keep living on this planet.
“And what happens if someone ends up forgetting about those people?”
Right, if they do that, those people would have to leave this planet.
This time, it’s really “Goodbye”.

On the last night, all of their friends gather and have a goodbye party.

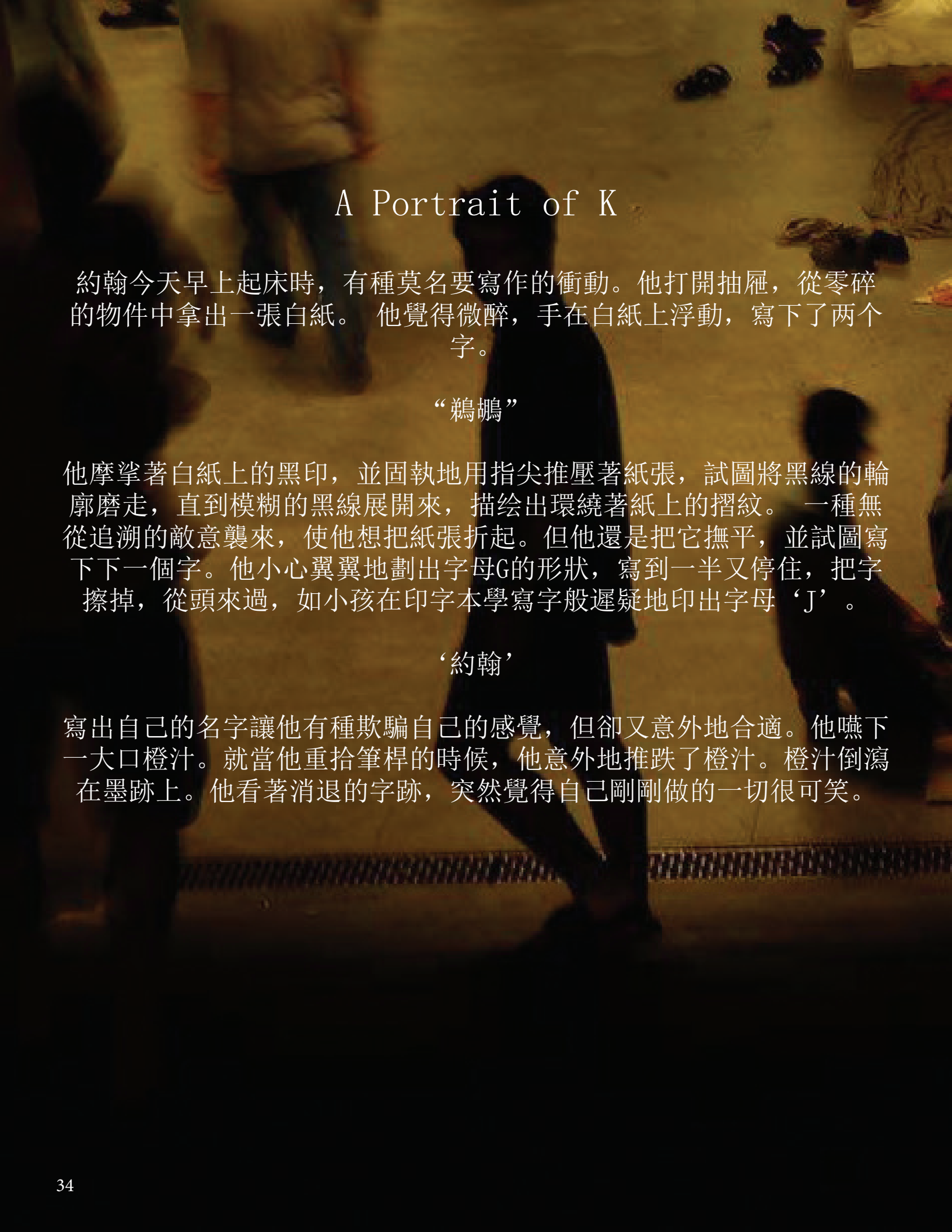
"Do they eat cake, too?"
That's right, they eat cake, too.
"Do they eat roe, too?"
Yeah, there's roe, too. (Yuuji's favorite food is salmon roe.)
"What else--?"
They have everything, I'm telling you. So you don't have to worry about it.

"Hey, is Jim Button on that planet, too?"
Why?
"Because, I know Jim Button. Isn't that 'being in my heart'?"
Um, yeah (Last night, I read 'Jim Button's Big Locomotive Trip' to him) I think he's there, probably.
"Then, what about Ema? Is Ema there too?"
Ema's not there.
Only humans are there.
"Humph" Yuuji said.

Jim Button is there, and Momo is there, too.
Little Red Riding Hood is there, too, and of course, so is Anne Frank, and I'm sure Hitler and Rudolf Hess are there as well.
Aristoteles is there, and Newton is, too.
"What are they all doing together?"
What do you mean, 'what'? They're all living quietly together.
"Is that all?"
Hm, 'is that all'? Let's see, I wonder if they're thinking about something together?
"Thinking? About what?"
About really difficult things, or something.
It takes time, you know, until an answer comes.
So, even when they go to that planet, they're thinking the whole time.
"Mama, too?"
No, Mama is thinking about you, Yuuji.
"Really?"
It's true.
So, Yuuji should never forget about Mama, either.
"I won't forget."
But, you're small. You only lived together with Mama for a mere five years.
"Uh-huh."
So, I'll tell you all kinds of things.
What kind of girl Mama was.
How she met Papa and we got married.
And when you were born, Yuuji, how happy that seemed to make her.
"Uh-huh."
And, I want you to always remember something.
When Papa has gone to that planet to meet Mama, no matter what, you have to keep thinking about Mama, or else.

Understand?
"Uh-huh?"
Well, whatever, though. It's fine.

Chapter One END



A Portrait of K

約翰今天早上起床時，有種莫名要寫作的衝動。他打開抽屜，從零碎的物件中拿出一張白紙。 他覺得微醉，手在白紙上浮動，寫下了两个字。

“鵜鶘”

他摩挲著白紙上的黑印，並固執地用指尖推壓著紙張，試圖將黑線的輪廓磨走，直到模糊的黑線展開來，描绘出環繞著紙上的摺紋。 一種無從追溯的敵意襲來，使他想把紙張折起。但他還是把它撫平，並試圖寫下下一個字。他小心翼翼地劃出字母G的形狀，寫到一半又停住，把字擦掉，從頭來過，如小孩在印字本學寫字般遲疑地印出字母‘J’。

‘約翰’

寫出自己的名字讓他有種欺騙自己的感覺，但卻又意外地合適。他嚥下一大口橙汁。就當他重拾筆桿的時候，他意外地推跌了橙汁。橙汁倒瀉在墨跡上。他看著消退的字跡，突然覺得自己剛剛做的一切很可笑。

A Portrait of K

Waking up this morning, John has an inexplicable urge to write. He takes out a sheet of white paper from his desk drawer. With his hand hovering over the sheet, he feels a little drunk as he puts down a word.

‘Pelican’

he rubs the black ink on the sheet and frowns, as if he could erase it. he pushes stubbornly against the paper and the force of his finger diffuses away the intensity of the black lines into a faint halo, which edge traces a fresh crease on the paper. A strange animosity comes over him and urges him to crumple it up, but instead he smoothes it out and tries to put down another word. He carefully begins to trace out the shape of a G, but crosses it out midway, putting down the letter J hesitantly.

‘John’

It feels unoriginal but it oddly seems to fit. He takes a large gulp of orange juice. Just as he was going to pick up his pen to write, he accidentally knocks the glass over the sheet of paper. He
looks at his faded name. Suddenly all of this seems very funny to him.

Joy Zhu, ‘17

Photo by Joy Zhu

Sueños- Juanes

Sueño libertad para todos los que están
Secuestrados hoy en medio de la selva
Y sueño con la paz de mi pueblo desangrado
Y con el final de esta injusta guerra

Sueño con tantas cosas que quiero que sean realidad
Sueño con morir de viejo y no de soledad
Sueño con ir a trabajar y mucho más con regresar
Cada noche a mi casa para estar junto a ti

Y que no muera nunca nuestro amor eso sueño yo
Y que se fundan balas para hacer campanas de libertad
Y que no muera nunca nuestro amor eso sueño yo

Sueño despertar en un mundo sin dolor
Pa'que el corazón no sufra más las penas
Y sueño caminar por las calles de mi país

Y solo encontrar
Paz

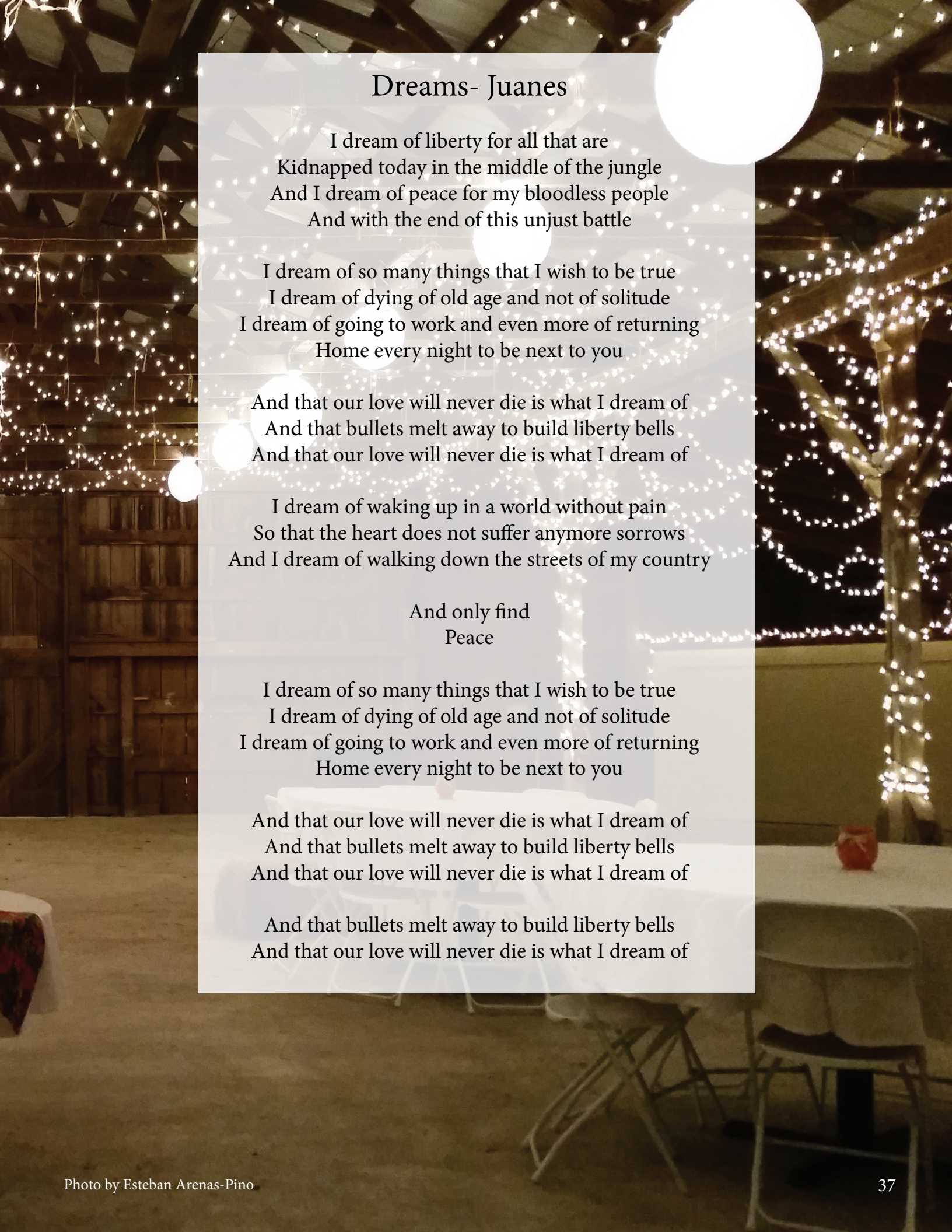
Sueño con tantas cosas que quiero que sean realidad
Sueño con morir de viejo y no de soledad
Sueño con ir a trabajar y mucho más con regresar
Cada noche a mi casa para estar junto a ti

Y que no muera nunca nuestro amor eso sueño yo
Y que se fundan balas para hacer campanas de libertad
Y que no muera nunca nuestro amor eso sueño yo

Y que se fundan balas para hacer campanas de libertad
Y que no muera nunca nuestro amor eso sueño yooooo

This song is composed by my favorite Colombian singer who I really admire due to his very heartfelt music and his dedication to social justice. ¨Sueños¨ is especially meaningful to me. About 10 years ago, when Colombia was going under a period of reconstruction and social unrest, there were peace rallies all over the country calling for the liberty of thousands of men and women captured by paramilitary groups. During one of those rallies Juanes held a concert with other artists and sang this song. This awakened in me the need to work for social justice. 10 years later the images of thousands of Colombians raising their fists and clamoring for the end of violence are as vivid as the day they happened.

Esteban Arenas-Pino, '18



Dreams- Juanes

I dream of liberty for all that are
Kidnapped today in the middle of the jungle
And I dream of peace for my bloodless people
And with the end of this unjust battle

I dream of so many things that I wish to be true
I dream of dying of old age and not of solitude
I dream of going to work and even more of returning
Home every night to be next to you

And that our love will never die is what I dream of
And that bullets melt away to build liberty bells
And that our love will never die is what I dream of

I dream of waking up in a world without pain
So that the heart does not suffer anymore sorrows
And I dream of walking down the streets of my country

And only find
Peace

I dream of so many things that I wish to be true
I dream of dying of old age and not of solitude
I dream of going to work and even more of returning
Home every night to be next to you

And that our love will never die is what I dream of
And that bullets melt away to build liberty bells
And that our love will never die is what I dream of

And that bullets melt away to build liberty bells
And that our love will never die is what I dream of

Photo by Esteban Arenas-Pino

Photo by Eliza Jaeger

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